

THURSDAY, JUNE 19, 1919

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## New Books Reviewed

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**THE WICKED MARQUIS** by E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown & Co., \$1.50.

In his latest novel Mr. Oppenheim deserts the field of international intrigue and writes a none the less stirring tale of civil life in some of its uncivil aspects. The central figure is an impecunious marquis, a lovable sort of an old sinner, deeply hated by an ex-game-keeper. The latter is a God-fearing old man who reads his Bible and nurses his hate. He expects its fulfilment from a nephew whom he educated, now returned from America with many millions. But the nephew falls in love with the marquis' daughter and there are complications. Illustrations by Will Greff.

**BRITISH LABOR AND THE WAR** by Paul U. Kellogg and Arthur Gleason. New York: Boni & Liveright, \$2.

The subtitle is "Reconstructors for a New World." The world has been so engaged with revolution in Russia and in Germany that the no less momentous achievements of British labor have gone comparatively unnoticed. During the four years of the war British labor accomplished more than could have been accomplished in twenty years of peace. This book tells about it. British labor shuns class hatred, aims at constitutionalism in industry; it is developing something broader than simple trade-unionism with its concentration on wages and hours, something freer than orthodox Socialism. The labor movement has engulfed all classes in the British empire and its manifestations and ramifications will play a large part in the reconstruction of the world. The plans and procedure are given in detail, while appendices state the war aims of the labor party, give its constitution and various governmental reports. Included are the summary of conclusions reached by the twenty English

Quaker employers after four days' discussion in 1917-8 and a full account of the functioning of "shop stewards."

**THE DRAMATIC STORY OF OLD GLORY** by Samuel Abbott. New York: Boni & Liveright, \$1.60.

The history of the American flag narrated in an interesting way. As is proper in a book of this kind, there is much material that has been printed elsewhere and is indeed familiar to all Americans, but there is also much new matter, as for example the claim that Benjamin Franklin is responsible for the stars and stripes. The principle feature of the book is the dramatic recital of incidents in which the flag has figured. There is a foreword by James M. Beck.

**LUNA BENAMOR** by Vicente Blasco Ibañez. New York: John W. Luce & Co., \$1.25.

Ibañez is probably the most popular Spanish writer. He is best known in this country for "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" although since its publication in English many of his other novels have had English production. This one is set in Gibraltar, cosmopolitan, romantic, brilliant, and gives Ibañez full opportunity for his powers of description and characterization. In the volume are included six Valencian tales, "The Toad," "Compassion," "Luxury," "Rabies," "The Windfall" and "The Last Lion," which are representative of the work which first established his popularity with the Spaniards.

**THE BLIND** by Harry Best, Ph. D., New York: Macmillan & Co., \$4.

A general study of blindness, its causes and prevention. More particularly a study of the blind themselves and the work being done for them in the United States—their economic condition, legal status, education elementary and higher, intellectual provisions for the adult blind, etc. The consideration throughout is practical, utilitarian, rather than sentimental—from the point of view of the social economist. The work is comprehensive in the facts and figures given and in the suggestions for betterment. Appendices and index.

**SINGING PLACES** by Margaret Barber Bowen. Boston: Cornhill Co., \$1.25.

A little book of verse. All places are singing places. Mrs. Bowen's poems are unviolent. They are songful of the more tranquil things. They are acceptive of the beauty that there is. A fine poem in this volume is the one on Emily Dickinson. It is so very much a poem that Miss Dickinson herself might have written it, but all the pieces are of clarity and purity and neat workmanship.

**THE IRON HUNTER** by Chase E. Osborn. New York: Macmillan Co., \$2.

The autobiography of an ex-governor of Michigan, written not to exploit himself but to tell of the immense iron deposits and possible development of his state. He began life as a restaurant helper, but his interest in iron ore soon drew him away from that into all sorts of strange places and bold adventures, ending in the gubernatorial office. As governor he did much for the advancement of the iron industry. He thinks that the young man in America has as great chances today as he ever had and that some of the most glowing lie in the iron section of the north. Illustrated.

**MORE E. K. MEANS.** New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$1.60.

A second volume of humorous stories of the Louisiana negro, bringing in again *Skeeter Butts*, *Vinegar Atts* and introducing a number of new characters.

**RED FRIDAY** by George Kibbe Turner. Boston: Little-Brown Co., \$1.40.

What might happen in the United States should Bolshevism gain the upper hand is here told in the form of a novel. A Russian Bolshevik of supreme intelligence is supposed to conspire with a New York speculator of great wealth to overthrow capitalism and place the Bolsheviks in power. Of course the result is unpleasant, but the recital is thrilling.

**HYLETHEN** by Isaac Flagg. Boston: Stratford Co., \$1.50.

A collection of poems distributed over forty years, during which time the author was a teacher of Greek at Harvard, Cornell and the University of California successively until his retirement in 1909. The title poem is a lyrical missive written in 1896. The volume includes prologues, epilogues and programs written for various classical productions staged by the students of the university.

**MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF—THE JOURNAL OF A YOUNG ARTIST, 1860-1884**, translated by Mary J. Serrano. New York: E. P. Dutton Co., \$2.50.

A generation ago this journal was widely read for its cynical yet naive treatment of science, art, literature, social questions, love, the life of France, Spain and Italy. Gladstone called it "a book without a parallel." This is a new translation with copious additions from the original French. Illustrated.

**THE HOME AND THE WORLD** by Rabindranath Tagore. New York: Macmillan Co., \$1.75.

Tagore's first long novel to be published in English, translated by Surendranath Tagore and revised by the author. The tale is told by the three principal characters, a landed proprietor, his wife and an agitator in the cause of Swadeshi; the plot revolves around the opposing claims on husband and wife, their home life and the world outside, as represented by the political activities of the agitator. An intimate picture of Indian life and character presented with all Tagore's deft skill.

**OUR HOUSE** by Henry Seidel Canby. New York: Macmillan Co., \$1.60.

The story of a youth who wants his family, love, a good time, and a career all at once and finds the fulfillment of his wants rather difficult. His struggle to stay honest, to touch reality and to break loose from circumstances, makes the book. Humor, tragedy and a bit of philosophizing contribute.

**DEMOCRACY** by Shaw Desmond. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, \$1.60.

A novel by a young Irishman whose work is attracting wide attention abroad. His theme is the conflict between capital and labor, viewed as a vast human spectacle of immediate and dramatic significance. Intense action culminating in a general strike and a street battle, British politics and English public men are transferred to the printed page from the author's personal contact with them. A stirring tale.

**MISS FINGAL** by Mrs. W. K. Clifford. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, \$1.50.

A cleverly written novel, of absorbing interest, constituting subtle propaganda for the theory of the transmigration of souls. *Aline Fingal's* dull life has practically deprived her of her personality. It is by way of being revived, through friendship with *Linda Allison*, when she meets with an almost fatal accident. *Linda* dies, and the author delicately, deftly, imparts the impression that she in reality lives on in the body of her less forceful friend.

**THE GHOST TOWN LUNDY** by Col. Charles A. Lundy. Boston: Four Seas Co., \$1.25.

Virginia City, Aurora and Bodie of the famous gold camps have had their fortunes sung in verse and prose. This small book of verse is a brief for Lundy, which, in the heart of the Sierras thirty miles east of the Yosemite Valley, was as lawless as any of the Western camps and poured millions of dollars into the civilized East. Here are recounted the joys, hopes, griefs, sufferings and adversities of the pioneers of that camp.

**WAR AND LOVE** by Richard Aldington. Boston: Four Seas Co., \$1.25.

A second volume of verse by the author of "Images." In the former book he wrote of the conflict of the spirit; in this he writes of the conflict of the flesh—the delight of love and the agony of the trenches. In addition to the vers libre for which Mr. Aldington is known, there are some delightful lyrics in regular meters.

Don't you remember that advertisement three weeks ago about how only wanted babies ought to be born, and how the law forbids the circulation of the knowledge by which parents can prevent unwanted babies, and how the Voluntary Parenthood League is working to get the present Congress to change the law? If you meant to send a check but forgot it, do it now. Suppose you were poor and ill and had six unintentional children! Wouldn't life look hopeless? Thousands are in this predicament. Help people to help themselves. Don't waste your money on palliatives. *Act on your good impulse this time.* Voluntary Parenthood League, 206 Broadway, New York City.



# REEDY'S MIRROR

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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## Let the People Take the League

By William Marion Reedy

WITHIN five days Germany must sign the treaty of peace or be strangled. The answer of the Peace Conference to her recital of her sorrows is a sharp reminder of her sins, which it were not well to forget. Germany will sign—if not now, later. The terms befit the Germany of her prideful time of seeming triumph. But they are crushing to a nation in social and industrial chaos. They contain no promise of reconciliation. They will foster the desire for revenge. The framers of the peace had done better if they had been more magnanimous.

Shall our Senate reject the League of Nations covenant? To do so would be to leave Europe a welter of revolution. There must be a league to save Europe from going to pieces, and the people from famine. The exhausted Entente is not equal to the task. We are in honor and duty bound to help keep order in the world, for that cannot be done without us. If we withdraw the Dark Ages come again and civilization will let in the jungle.

All chauvinist argument against the league is argument for ruin. Only the so-called socialist arguments against it, for a more democratic league, for more generosity to Germany, are worth while. What the radicals want cannot be, as things are now. Their hope is in world revolution. But that would sweep away good things with the bad. The revolution may come, but the United States Senate cannot invite it. The league or world-wide catastrophe overtopping in horror the great war—that is the issue. Who questions how sane senators should decide?

President Wilson will come home to fight for the treaty and covenant. Chiefly he will have to fight Republican politicians anxious to discredit him. The radicals have no influence in the Senate. The Republican opposition would leave Europe to stew in its own juice, with nothing settled. It would pledge us loosely, without specification, to support of the Entente in future danger, but would do nothing to avert the danger of another cataclysm. That policy is worthy only of Bedlam. A sensible people will have none of it, in my opinion. If they cannot get a peace foregoing revenge they will accept the treaty with the covenant as being better than washing our hands and leaving Europe to a rebaptism in blood. Suppose we could keep out of it? Are we not our brothers' keeper?

To abandon Europe to what must come, with no machinery for the maintenance of even a semblance of order, would be cowardly. The league should be accepted, and the treaty, imperfect as they are. The people bye-and-bye will be stronger. They can and will shape the league to nobler issues than the destruction of the German people and the strengthening of those imperialisms that would seize the spoil Germany has dropped. The peace is not what the high and deep-hearted of the earth desired and expected, but failing that attainment, shall there be no peace, nothing but anarchy? The American people, I believe, will tell the Senate "No!"

The only check upon the badness of this peace is our staying in and with the League of Nations. We should "stick," even though it may be to our own hurt. We cannot desert the world to save ourselves. We should not lose our soul to save our material interests.

After the league is formed, I say, let the revolution come from the people of all lands, to make it a people's league for the destruction of exploitation national and international. Let the revolution take over the league as an instrument fashioned to its hand to make a people's peace. The league as it stands shows the people how not to make a good peace, but also how to make a good one. The league is theirs for the taking. We must trust the people, because there is no one else to trust.

♦♦♦

## Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

Frank P. Walsh

DEMOCRATIC politicians who want their party to name the next United States senator from Missouri had better "get off the dead ones" they are most discussing. The only "live one" they had been considering—Capt. Harry B. Hawes—declares he will not be a candidate. There was a chance that he could win if nominated. He could possibly have beaten down the big Republican majority in St. Louis and polled his full party vote in the country. With Capt. Hawes out, there is but one other possible winner and the practical or professional politicians don't like to consider him, because he is not tractable. But Frank P. Walsh can win the nomination before the people and in spite of the politicians. Then he could win the election from anybody the Republicans might nominate. On his record as chairman of the Commission on Industrial Relations and joint chairman with William Howard Taft on the War Labor Board he would be invincible. It would not militate against him in the least that he is a member of the committee of Americans of Irish descent who are now in Paris trying to get a hearing before the Peace Conference for a delegation from the Irish republic. Neither would it be to his disadvantage if any one should recall the fact that he has not been afraid to come out for amnesty for our political prisoners. Mr. Walsh is a progressive Democrat than whom there is none more progressive in the country. He is a splendid campaigner, a man who makes and holds friends. He has done something for organized labor and much for the farmers. He does not belong to any of the opposed factions in the party. He is a democratic Democrat, a people's man in the best sense of the word. That he would be a vote-getter in every part of the state is a foregone conclusion. Some, if indeed not all, the big special interests would oppose him with all the might they can muster, but that would help him with those people who make up the general interest. That he is of the intellectual stature required of a United States senator the whole country is well aware. He is already a national figure; yes,



even an international one. What President Wilson thinks of him is shown by the honors he has bestowed upon him. I think Frank P. Walsh's democracy is more thoroughgoing and goes farther than Woodrow Wilson's. There is not a senatorial possibility or probability left in the field who can be compared with him in popularity. Only with such a man can the Missouri democracy win. Any candidate of the schemers and fixers will be beaten. Hawes was the only man they talked of who had any of the elements of popularity conjoined with real ability. Frank Walsh is the equal of Hawes in the art and science of ingratiation. Kansas City, his home, holds him in high regard and the men who cast the votes everywhere regard him as their friend. He's a fighter who knows how to fight. He would be a help to his party in the Senate, and Lord knows his party needs help there just now! It gets none from Missouri, with Senator Reed in opposition to the President and the Democratic senators generally. No other man mentioned thus far by the fixers can deliver that needed help when it shall be called for. For Walsh the campaign that will be necessary has been long since made. It won't be necessary to explain to the people who he is and what he has done. Walsh is a platform in and of himself. He has never been a crazy proscriptionist since this country entered the war, though he was not a clamant advocate of our entering the war before the stupidity of the German rulers forced us in for self-protection. If Kansas City now claims him as one of its foremost citizens, he was born and grew to manhood in St. Louis. He is not seeking the senatorial nomination. He told me that he did not want the place. That is not the point right now. The place wants him. The Democratic party needs him. Those who make up the democratic masses in the state have full faith in him. He can get Republican votes that no other man thus far mentioned, except Capt. Hawes, could possibly get. Only the machine probably would oppose his nomination, but that opposition would be an assistance to him in the popular primary. The democratic Democrats should conscribe Frank P. Walsh as senatorial nominee and a democratic people would almost certainly elect him. For Missouri just now it is Frank P. Walsh or a Republican for the next United States senatorship.

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#### **Backward Mr. Burleson**

POSTMASTER GENERAL BURLESON graciously permits collective bargaining between employers and employes in the telephone and telegraph services. It is thought that he will permit or recognize it in the postal service. But the one point upon which there is universal collective consent in this country is that Albert Sidney Burleson would do the nation the most valuable service of his career by resigning his portfolio in President Wilson's cabinet. His yielding to the demand of organized labor for assent to such bargaining cannot save him from the consequences of his general official conduct. He is probably the least democratic Democrat in the President's official family. He has done his party harm second only in extent to that he has done the services of which he is the chief. He has made of those utilities only futilities. It required the imminent danger of a nation-wide strike of telegraphers and telephone operators to get him to consent to recognition of the vital principle of trade unionism, three years after the President had approved it with regard to the railroad workers and some weeks after that

same President had pleaded with the Congress for legislation to put into effect the larger principle of unionism—industrial democracy. Burleson has no place in an administration dedicated to the New Freedom, because he is a belated and grudging believer in open covenants openly arrived at between the employer and the employe. The hearts of the world may beat under plain jackets but so far as the evidence at hand indicates anything, Albert Sidney Burleson believes in dusting those plain jackets. What's the use of a League of Nations with a section of its covenant devoted to an international charter for free labor, with a Burleson in the United States cabinet practically standing out for the theory that labor is only a commodity? Burleson won't do. Burleson should be thrown overboard. He's the star of the Democratic party's unparalleled and unprecedented aggregation of political Jonahs.

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PRESIDENT WILSON is coming home. That's settled. The question is whether he can "come back."

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I HAVE heard from Washington that in view of the fact that Missouri Democratic leaders are not able to agree upon a man to be appointed as successor to Federal Judge D. P. Dyer, a choice may be made outside the generally accepted list of favorites, and that this choice may be Mr. William L. Igoe, member of Congress from the eleventh district. Mr. Igoe has made an excellent congressman. He would be an excellent Federal judge.

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#### **Our Housing Plan**

UNDER the auspices of our very effective Chamber of Commerce St. Louis is to set about solving its pressing housing problem. One million dollars are to be expended in constructing homes of comfortable proportions and equipment for the accommodation of the people. They are to be sold without brokerage fees at an advance of five per cent above cost. So far as it may go this will be a big thing for St. Louis and its workers. I am for it, strong, because nothing better offers. Who will benefit chiefly by the building and sale and occupancy of these homes worth one million dollars? The structures will be decidedly improvements. To the extent that they are improvements they will be subject to the penalty of increased taxation. The community under the present taxation system fines everybody for every improvement he makes, and this fine will fall not on the constructing organization but upon the people who buy the homes. When this one million dollars worth of new, handsome, well-equipped homes has been completed the first result will be that the landowners will add to their land the value of the improvement. Because of these new homes, the rent will be raised on all the other homes in the neighborhood. A first result of one million dollars worth of nice homes will be rise in the price of land. There will be no corresponding increase on the taxes of land, yet not only the land on which the new homes are built, but the buildings themselves will have to pay taxes that should be paid out of the increased value they impart to the less improved or absolutely unimproved land. The land owners will collect added rent from their tenants because of what the Chamber of Commerce does for the city and the people. Those additions in rent will be added to everything

sold to the people by the folk whose rent is increased. Suppose the Chamber of Commerce enterprise forces landowners to build modernly-equipped homes to compete with those erected by the Chamber of Commerce. The more such homes are built the more land values will be increased. Land will become more costly. It will be more expensive to build or to rent homes. It will cost much more to live because so much more of what people earn will have to go into the item of rent. The erection of homes on the Chamber of Commerce plan will first manifest itself in fattening the landowner's purse, just as within five days of the announcement of Henry Ford of a minimum daily wage of five dollars to his employes was reflected in an increase of land values as manifested in rental rates throughout the city of Detroit. The million dollars worth of new homes will mean a million dollars more to people who have done nothing with their land. That land will not be taxed on that increase, but the new homes will be taxed and the new owners will pay what those landowners should pay. Yet the homeowners will have given the community something, while the landowners will have given nothing, but will simply credit themselves with increased land value. Rents will not be lowered, but raised. Land will not be cheaper but dearer. The cost of living will be higher. The well-meaning St. Louis Chamber of Commerce will simply give the landowners more and better opportunity for profiteering. The Chamber of Commerce helps the landlord in the same way when it secures the deepening of the river, the establishment of barge lines and the building of boats, the construction of river docks and terminals. All those improvements are first reflected in higher land values, heavier rents. The landowner takes the value of every improvement to himself, though he himself does nothing in the way of improvement. And other people pay the taxes that he should pay on that increment. What's the use of going in for housing operations when the houses are taxed to the relief of the land? Our housing project will be a good thing chiefly and permanently not so much for homeowners as for speculators in land value. The more demand for houses, the greater the increase in land values. That increase the homeowner and homemaker must pay. The way to provide cheap homes would be to untax houses and tax land values so heavily that land would have to be put to use for the building of homes and factories. Those people who buy those new Chamber of Commerce houses, will simply increase the cost of land and the rental of houses to everybody else, just as a cantonment near any city first demonstrated its value in an increase of rents and of all commodities throughout that city. There is no such thing as cheap housing where there is dear land. The time is not yet when all the people, or even the few wise people who make up chambers of commerce, can see the full significance of the incontrovertible statements here made, but some day everybody will see that landlordism is a hold-up of housing, of manufacture, of trade, of prosperity generally through its keeping down of the production of wealth. I'm not against the Chamber of Commerce housing plan. It is against itself. It is a well-intended but misguided effort for betterment. All it will do is grease the fat hog—the landlord.



### Our Municipal Opera

ST. LOUIS' six weeks of *al fresco* light opera has a most auspicious beginning in "Robin Hood" now playing in the municipal theatre in Forest Park. *Robin Hood*, the *Sheriff of Nottingham*, *Friar Tuck*, *Maid Marian*, *Allan-a-Dale* and all the other care-free sojourners in a merrier world are there in good voice and gay costumes, rendering de Koven's jolly songs with interpolated jests, bringing them down to date. And while the aggregation of principals is exceptionally excellent for such an undertaking, it is almost overshadowed by the perfection of the chorus—hundreds of young St. Louisans in unanimity of rhythmic motion and voice that is entrancing to the eye and ear. The stars emerge from the blue sky overhead vying with the electrical sunlight—or moonlight—pouring through the trees on the stage. Cool breezes play over the hillside and, when from the right direction, carry the sounds up from the pit. The acoustics for some reason or other seem better than at any previous performance, but those too far back to hear the spoken lines find compensation in the gorgeous panorama of the shifting scenes. In its St. Louis presentation "Robin Hood" combines all the popular features of light opera, symphony orchestra, vaudeville and the movies and constitutes an ideal entertainment for a hot summer evening. Its success gives promise of equal if not greater pleasure to the people from the performances of the other operas to come. No one beholding and hearing what is so splendidly accomplished in real artistry in the magnificent open-air theatre will ever believe again that the social possibilities of community aesthetics have been unduly exaggerated by the proponents of such enterprises. The money and the effort of the City of St. Louis and of its public-spirited citizens have never been expended to better and higher purpose and effect than in the establishment of the municipal theater and its highly capable operatic organization. Everybody connected with it deserves a civic distinguished service cross.

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### Let's Get Back to Freedom

THERE may be many things this country needs, but more espionage legislation is not one of them. Not more but less of that is what the situation calls for. The congress should repeal the existing espionage acts. The President should proclaim amnesty for all persons sentenced, convicted or still awaiting trial under those laws. It is time, too, to pardon all those conscientious objectors to war now in various military prisons. Ordinary law as it has always existed is competent to deal with crimes of violence. There is abundant governmental machinery to give effect to that ordinary law. The authorities should not permit themselves to fall into a panic because of a few bomb outrages. They should capture the perpetrators and punish them. They should not apply repression and suppression by any drag-net methods, for that will only provoke more of that which it is desired to prevent. Those statesmen who clamor for the suppression of radical publications are of defective vision. Give such men their way and they will give the rabid "Reds" more and more excuse for outbreaks of murderous fanaticism. An efficient answer to such violence would be the removal of all sense of grievance by the release of all the persons now being punished

for opinion's sake. This would not be surrender to the enemies of government and society. It would be a return of government from the madness of war to the sanity of peace. Attorney General Palmer has the right idea. He declares against the necessity of more legislation of a repressive character. What we have now of such legislation is a cause of much of the prevalent discontent. It is impossible to make the American people believe that Eugene Debs, Kate Richards O'Hare, Rose Pastor Stokes, Roger N. Baldwin and Victor Berger are enemies of the country, or the friends of the country's enemies. They were convicted under war conditions, when prejudice and passion rather than reason ruled on the bench and in the jury box. They offended, at most, against laws for a time and a set of circumstances that have passed. The war is over. It is not a crime now to be opposed to war, for the nation is not at war. Their offense has ceased to exist. Their punishment has been sufficient. Its value as a deterrent to others has been destroyed. Its efficiency as to the convicted persons themselves is nil. None of them has changed his or her opinions. There are more people opposed to war than there were before these people were punished. There are a thousand conscientious objectors to war now, where there was one before the war. The longer the punishment of these people continues the more converts it will make to their views. And of those converts more and more will be unbalanced in mind and driven to acts of insane and murderous desperation. Espionage acts do not tend to solidarize the people. They foster the spirit of domestic, social warfare. They tend to promote the persecution of people for mere nonconformity. This country should learn from the experience of European countries in dealing with revolutionists. The policy of "thorough" has availed nothing in the past in Russia, or Germany or Spain. Where opinion is freest in Europe, there is the least trouble with violent outbreaks—in Great Britain and France. The thing to do in this country is to "take the lid off," to stop muzzling speech and press. It is the drastic suppression of opinions that produces explosions into revolutionary action. The government should be too proud to be afraid of a few crazy extremists. The preventive measures recommended by certain statesmen do not prevent. The way to dispel discontent is to remove the causes thereof. And the chief cause of present discontent is too much strait-jacketing of the people's minds and even of their normal, innocent appetites. There is too much prohibition of all kinds. The slate should be wiped clean as to all war offenders. Let us get back to freedom and away from all the Prussianism that has been evoked here in order to destroy Prussianism elsewhere.

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### Our Crime Wave

BECAUSE of the outbreak of burglarious, murderous hoodlumism in this city and elsewhere in the state there goes up a cry for the restoration of the death penalty to the Missouri statute book. Think of all the years we had the death penalty in the law. That did not stop murder. There were murders just as atrocious as any we have known since. Young hoodlumism flourished then as now. We had atrocious murders on the very days when all the people were reading the details of executions for murder. That is poor logic which sees the recent murders hereabout as

the result of the state's abolition of capital punishment. So far as I can see the revelations concerning the recent "crime wave" show that it is due to the fact that when the police have captured and the courts have convicted criminals and sent them to the penitentiary, the power of political pull has been such as to secure the early parole or pardon of the offenders. It is pretty well shown, too, by the way, that convicts come out of the penitentiary worsened rather than bettered by the experience. It may be recalled also that when the legislature quite recently passed a law to make it more difficult for people to purchase fire-arms that can be carried as concealed weapons the governor promptly vetoed it on the grounds that it would interfere with business. People who wished to carry concealed weapons would buy them in other states and use them here. Why not keep the money of the potential murderers in this state? Moreover, there are perfectly good laws against the carrying of concealed weapons. They are not enforced. Every tough carries his "cannon." And the police know it very well. The enforcement of the law against concealed weapons would prevent many a murder. Many more, I should say, than the return of the state to capital punishment. Over and above all this there is the political pull at the capital that can get criminals out of the penitentiary as fast as the police force can get them in. There is too much laxity in the matter of pardons and paroles. But back of and over and above all these considerations is another, and that is the problem of the youthful criminal. Why does he increase and multiply? Why are there so many "gangs" that practice crime and execute their own members by assassination, the victims refusing to reveal the identity of their slayers? What is wrong with our educational system that such fruits should flourish in our society? What is wrong with our family institution? Most of the criminals we are now considering are mere boys or very young men. They are not of bad families, as it appears. They are all intelligent, in a vicious kind of way. Many of them have some rudiments of morality. They seem to be afflicted primarily by a disinclination to work. We don't hear that they cannot get work. They want money without work. Outside of that there is nothing remarkable about them. They are imbued with a spirit of adventure. They get thrills as well as money out of their criminal exploits. They see themselves as heroes. And prison has no particular terrors for them, as they know how easy it is to get out after they have "done a little time." They know that punishment is neither adequate nor certain. They know that very often their cases can be fixed by politicians, and they can go free without even a trial. Court processes can be used to tire out prosecuting witnesses. It can even be arranged that, when a crook has been arrested for a crime, he can be bailed out before his victim can get to the police station to identify him. The way is made very easy for the young crook who ties up politically with the right people. He is not afraid of the law. He can so often control it through his friends. The youth with a bad "slant" is made soon into a desperate criminal. And a few of him can terrorize a city of hundreds of thousands of people. There is some satisfaction in the thought that "crime waves" are the work of so few mere boys. One had thought, from the records of criminalities, that some hundreds of desperadoes were operating in the city. It would indicate that there is something wrong with a system of protection for society that cannot protect it from the



desperate depredations of less than a corporal's guard of mere kids. The trouble is not in the lack of laws but in their execution. It is clear to anyone that the police and the courts are to blame for the "crime wave," though not for crime. That the reinstallation of capital punishment will help not at all, must be plain to everybody. What we need is execution of the laws rather than execution of human beings. To be sure we must do something to check the multiplication of hoodlums. It is a banality but a truth nonetheless to say that this can be done by education, but it is not so generally realized that the education must begin with the parents. We might say that it would be well if conditions were brought about in which parents would have some time to look after their children. The abandonment of youth to the evil education of the streets means that we have to do more work along the lines of municipal recreation. That our penal institutions must be made over into something other than nurseries of crime is likewise self-evident. We, all of us, are neglecting our duties to the young. We cannot blame all the evil on the police and courts and politicians. We cannot square ourselves with ourselves for our neglect by setting up again the gallows

or the electric chair for the elimination of the ghastly mistakes for which we are in no little part responsible.

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## To Make It Safe for Morals

By Elmer Chubb, LL.D., Ph. D.

**W**HILE the various legislatures have in hand the passing of search and seizure laws empowering the constituted authorities to rid the country entirely of alcohol, legislation should be enacted to eradicate the source of evils as great, if not greater, than alcohol.

There are already laws which prohibit the sale of the disgusting works of Rabelais, the Decameron or Boccaccio and similar obscene productions. These poison the morals of the people and lead to lewd meditations and acts.

But what is more poisonous to the mind, and a productive source of discontent, disorder, defiance of law and consequent demoralization of our free institutions and life than the works of Kropotkin, Karl Marx, and other anarchistic thinkers? If a search and seizure law was passed, by which these writings could be seized and burned, agitators would no longer have nutriment for their rebellious natures, and the country in a short time would be on the road to a saner, more prosperous life.

ger. Many of the best Southern newspapers are building up a sentiment against lynching. Many Southern business men see that lynching is driving the best black labor away from the South. But the Ku-Klux has been revived in various sections and night riding, church and home burnings and slaughter of blacks has been going on. The black soldiers returned from the war are not received with drums and banners like the white soldier. They feel that if they fought for the country they should be entitled to the full legal rights of citizens of the country and should not as a race be hunted on the slightest occasion, without even such protection as is accorded wild animals under the game laws.

Dr. W. E. Burghardt Du Bois writes, in the *Crisis*, that the negroes are coming back fighting, and are not to be cowed by the Ku-Klux. One hundred thousand trained fighting negro men will know how to defend themselves. "This," as the *Nation* says, "is the counsel of madness," but the editorial in which the *Nation* says this has for its title "The Negro at Bay." Such a caption has in it something of incitation to precisely that thing which the editorial deprecates. A race war is too horrible to think of, everybody says, but those who say it, declare that the race war is coming. It is intimated that persecuted blacks may be stirred to make common cause with discontented whites in a social revolution. There is some Bolshevism among the negroes even now, it is said.

A little more of such presentation of the race situation may precipitate that which everyone would avert, but that is only one side of it. The other side is that it is folly to dodge facts, to hide truth. The problem can only be solved by facing it understandingly. It is not insoluble, either. It can be solved by assuring the black man of his rights and confirming him in them—even as the way to meet the menace of Bolshevism is to redress the just grievances of the oppressed and exploited white workingmen. Lynching will not settle the race question, as espionage acts, deportations, suppression of public meetings will not settle the question of the white workers' right to a living and to work under decent conditions.

There is no question of social equality of races. If such a thing can ever possibly be, it must be won by the presently inferior race through activities other than armed rebellion. It can only come through moral development. But the nation must in honor assure the negro other things. It must see that he is given justice in the courts. Denial of justice must not be continued to help out the economic exploitation of the negro. He must not be tricked out of his pay for his labor. He should have the vote, with whatever honestly applied qualifications may be devised. All that is required is that the negro be recognized as a human being with the same legal rights as a white human being and no more. Such treatment supplemented, of course, by education, will eventually generate in the negro that self-respect which will enable him to rule himself and thus command the respect of others. If the South's peculiar crime persists, the way to stamp it out is by orderly process of law, not by lynchings which cannot but brutalize all the whites who participate in such descents to the level of the creatures who may be guilty of the worst of crimes. Lynching doesn't stop at black victims. It is constantly claiming more white ones—poor white ones, for lynch law is the law of those who think themselves the best people, the aristocrats.

## The Black Man's Burden

By William Marion Reedy

**M**ANY people will fail to see how the New York *Nation* is helping any towards peaceful conditions in this country by its recent playing up of the race question. An article by Herbert J. Seligman, entitled "Protecting Southern Womanhood," in last week's issue, is an ironical development of the idea in the caption, calculated to exacerbate white feeling. It sets forth the horrible details of the torture of victims of Southern lynchings, and its purport is to show that the justification of lynch law as the only means whereby Southern womanhood can be protected is a false pretence, used to cover up such motives as trade rivalry of successful negroes, and the competition of black labor with white. The author shows how some elements in the South are representing that the negro has now more than ever to be kept down because the negro soldier returned from overseas has been ruined by the attentions of French women. It is proclaimed that by inducting the negro into the army the Government has led him to believe that he is at last on a plane of absolute social equality with white people. Such negroes are supposed to be those who, in the light of what they know of the Jim Crow laws, of their feeling that it is useless to look to the courts for justice, of their knowledge of details of the burning and dismemberment while alive by maddened white mobs, are "said to have purchased arms in a number of Southern cities, with the intention of defending their lives and the lives of their families, if conflict is provoked." Mr. Seligman, who is described simply as "a journalist who has made a special study of the

race situation in the South," says that "protecting Southern Womanhood" is an "increasingly popular sport," the object of which is "usually United States citizens of dark skin—the Negroes." This is not a felicitous way of putting the case. It carries with it, to many people, rightly or wrongly, an apparent slur upon the womanhood referred to. There is no doubt that there does exist in the South a great deal of the crime which is in mind whenever the phrase about protecting womanhood is used, though, of course, there is no doubt at all that back of much race hatred there is the fear of many white men in the South that the black men are going to force them out of their jobs. "Keeping the nigger in his place" means keeping him from taking the white man's place economically. Mr. Seligman says that less than one-third of the mob murders are attributed to offences against women. This may be true and yet the thought of the menace to women is undoubtedly what moves to savagery the mobs who deal with negroes charged with other crimes.

The Seligman article supplements one on "The Habit of Torture" by Prof. Edward Raymond Turner, in the *Nation* of May 3rd, in which that gentleman showed that Southern lynchings rival and surpass anything that has been known in ancient Rome or in the time of Torquemada. More than that: Professor Turner pointed out the seeming sadistic pleasure manifested by the mobs in the infliction of the most atrocious barbarities upon their helpless victims. Mr. Seligman sees that with every lynching the danger of a widespread race conflict increases, for he says: "Convince men that they have no stake in society and the courts, and no refuge in an enlightened public sentiment; insult, injure and degrade them without redress, and you create the desperation out of which springs violence."

Many influential Southerners see this dan-



It is to the glorious credit of the South that so many of its leaders in thought are aware of all these things. They deserve honor for clear thinking in the face of the black terror confronting them. Their plea for justice, not for special favor, to the Negro should be heeded. It should be heeded at Washington. Shall we go to war to aid the little nations, the weaker peoples everywhere and continue to enslave a people right here at home, who fight for the same country, speak the same language, worship the same God as we do? In the reconstruction of this nation of which we hear so much these days is nothing to be done for the American Negro? It is folly and even crime to abandon him as hopeless of improvement, when we consider what he has done for himself in the half century of such freedom as we have permitted him to enjoy. He has not had his full opportunity—and neither has the white man, for that matter. All that we can give him is equality under the law. That we should accord him fully. By according it we do not invite "black domination" nor do we confer social equality. All black men are not rapists. There is no way of indicting the whole race for the crimes of its lowest representatives. We should not do anything to enable the Negroes in the South to overrule the whites, for the reason that the overwhelming majority of the blacks are deficient in intelligence and self-control. But we can give every black man justice—not only against himself but for himself. If the presentation of the facts as to the race menace in the South will urge the country to do this, it is a valuable public service, though I should not say that the best way to render such a service is to argue the case for the downtrodden black man from an initial assumption that the Southern whites are only camouflaging when they justify outbreaks against the Negroes on the ground of the necessity for "protecting Southern womanhood." That motive is a very real one to the Southerner. It is not to be despised and mocked. Despite and mockery of it will not help but will terribly harm the better class of Negroes. We need the aid, not the opposition, of honest Southern white folks, if we are to do anything to avert the possibility of such lynchings as may develop into widespread race-massacre.

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## Realities of History

By William Vincent Byars

**P**RESIDENT WILSON is often spoken of as an "idealist." Perhaps those who call him so know exactly what they mean. If so, they might surprise many by explaining what an "idealist" really is. It is not likely, however, that Mr. Wilson would be surprised. In his "Constitutional Government in the United States," published by Columbia University, he applies throughout the principles of "idealism," which he thus defines on page 4:

"If any one asks me what free government is, I reply it is what the people think so," said Burke, going to the heart of the matter.

When the matter is "idealism," this, in fact, does go "to the heart" of it. For from this standpoint, there is nothing real, nothing positive—nothing existent in fact, and everything depends on "opinion." Good or evil is not so in fact; "thinking makes it so."

While this "idealism" runs throughout Mr. Wilson's exposition of "constitutional government," with the logic of the unprecedented involved at all points, we may be most interested, apart from its results on life, in the way Mr. Wilson idealizes

Queen Elizabeth and Frederick, the "Great" as founders of empire. "England," he says, "came to her full consciousness as a nation in that great day of enterprise and adventure, and Elizabeth was England's suitable embodiment. Her mastery was the mastery of natural leadership \* \* \* (p. 32.)

On the next page he combines the ideal Elizabeth and the ideal Frederick, with the conclusion that "Frederick probably did more for Prussia than she could have done for herself under leaders of her own choosing." This being a matter of opinion, the present condition of Prussia may be taken into consideration as a fact, if what Frederick and his successors did for it is not to be wholly idealized. But it is with the case of Elizabeth that we may be better prepared to deal at present—as, perhaps, on the facts of history, we may be more nearly concerned by its realities.

On the issue of fact, we have the question of whether the reign of Elizabeth is the beginning of new progress for the world, or a period of insane despotism, opposing progress at all points, and by the most atrocious modes of tyranny, increasing the cost of progress—made inevitable by the free movements of mind, outside of politics and in spite of repression—until the cost of progress is paid in continually recurrent and continually increasing calamity.

If history is not to be wholly idealized, we must consider its facts. In his "Constitutional History of England," Hallam does not idealize so far as to obscure the facts necessary for intelligent judgment. He is reinforced by many subsequent writers, among whom Douglas Campbell, in connection with Hallam, will give us facts, regardless of ideals. In his "Puritan in Holland, England and America," an "Introduction to American History," published by the Harpers in 1892, Campbell writes from the standpoint occupied by the founders of Princeton University, as American Presbyterians. And it was as President of Princeton University that Mr. Wilson delivered in 1908 the series of lectures now compiled in book form as "Constitutional Government in the United States." When Mr. Wilson writes (page 57) that "living political constitutions must be Darwinian in structure and practice," this is probably inconceivable from the standpoints occupied by the founders of Princeton or by Douglas Campbell in 1892, but even if it could be supposed that Princeton University is now Darwinian rather than Presbyterian, Campbell as a historian certainly represents its historical precedents and it cannot be supposed therefore, that he is controlled by such prejudice as might be alleged in the case of Lingard, or any one suspected of prejudice against Elizabeth as a putative Protestant.

Regardless of his own religious opinions, Campbell states facts. As these facts concern questions still vital, he does not idealize Elizabeth's dealings with Ireland. He says that Shan O'Neil, who resisted Elizabeth's attempts to complete the subjugation of Ireland, was "a brave soldier and a skillful general," who "in fair fight defeated an army led by the Earl of Sussex, the flower of English chivalry, one of Elizabeth's trusted councillors and her deputy in Ireland." As a result of this defeat, Sussex, on August 24th, 1561, wrote Elizabeth that he had made arrangements to have O'Neil assassinated. As Campbell gives Froude's text of this letter, he follows it with the record of the attempt to poison O'Neil and his family, and by a cold statement of the facts of the massacre of Rathlin, where, in 1573, Essex caused the wives and children of Irish "rebels" to be slaughtered. "When the work was finished," writes Campbell, "not a woman or a babe was left alive." Essex reported to the queen that the rebel chiefs had sent their women and children to the island, which he had taken, "and executed them to the number of six hundred." He gave his mistress a pen picture of

the rebel leader, "yellow-haired Charley McConnell," on the mainland, seeing the slaughter of his family he could not prevent, and "likely to have run mad for sorrow, tearing and tormenting himself." In replying with congratulations, Elizabeth directed Essex to say to his captain, Norris, "the executioner of his well-designed enterprise, that she would not be unmindful of his services." In this massacre the hero Drake was a participant. Essex's son became Elizabeth's favorite lover. In 1601, she tired of him and murdered or "executed" him.

The Irish women and children at Rathlin who were murdered by this beastly woman and the equally bestial nobles of her court, were presumably Roman Catholics. How many Catholics she put to the sword, racked, hanged, disemboweled, burned at the stake, or sent to a still more horrible death in shackles in her fetid underground dungeons, we cannot stop now to inquire, when to Elizabeth, any Protestant who resisted her tyranny as the head of the church was equally sure to be sacrificed to her "supremacy." In 1575, she caused the arrest of an entire congregation of Baptists, who, as they were prohibited from open worship, were meeting in a private room. They were refugees from the Spaniards in Holland, but as they refused to acknowledge Elizabeth as the Lord's Anointed Vicar on Earth, they were tried for heresy. "Four recanted but eleven of the number were convicted and sentenced to be burned." On July 22d, 1775, she did burn at the stake, two of them, in spite of all pleas for mercy—pleas in which John Foxe, author of the "Book of Martyrs," joined.

Inaugurating government by commission, Elizabeth harried the kingdom for Protestant heretics—treating as heretics all who spoke against the system of organized grafting, of which, in church as in state, she made herself the beneficiary. It was said early in the twentieth century, that the chance to steal was given as a reward of merit in American politics. That reward of merit gave cohesion to Elizabeth's political system. "Parker, her favorite Archbishop of Canterbury," writes Douglas Campbell (i, 453), "left an enormous fortune, which he had accumulated during eighteen years of office by the most wholesale corruption. Among other things, he established a fixed tariff for the sale of benefices, regulated according to their value and the age of the applicant." As both political and ecclesiastical offices were notoriously for sale in the same way, it was necessary to silence protest and choke dissent. This has not been done more ruthlessly or thoroughly in the twentieth century than it was done by Elizabeth. The kingdom was filled with spies. Wherever a "clue" could be got to a font of type, it was hunted down, and the "dissenter" who owned or used it, sent to the gallows—or what might be worse, to linger forgotten after disappearing into one of the unimaginably foul dungeons to which her "Star Chamber" or her commissions might choose to consign him. In 1585, through her Star Chamber, she attempted to suppress printing in England. "No presses were to be allowed in any part of the kingdom, outside of London, except one in each of the Universities." In 1583, it was discovered that a number of the humble Protestant non-conformists of Suffolk county were reading unauthorized pamphlets, printed on the continent and smuggled in. John Copping, a Baptist shoemaker, and Elias Thacker, a tailor, also a Baptist, were found distributing these pamphlets, which were confiscated and burned by the hangman. After which this ideal ruler hanged Thacker and Copping—to vindicate her spiritual supremacy.

It is for those who idealize a reign of this kind to prove, if they purpose to hamper the inspirational style with facts, that human life was cheaper in Rome under Tiberius than in England and Ireland under Elizabeth. But when the record is of cruelty



and debauchery, we may pass it, as the theory with which we are dealing is that Elizabeth was "progressive," sympathizing with the progressive impulses of a great people and breaking away from precedents to lead them. The facts are that she was following the precedents of her unspeakable father and scarcely less unspeakable sister as an obstructionist, and that in her attempt to suppress the freedom of thought and speech, she left to her successors the penalties of the crimes which attended her supremely calamitous failure.

The one great success of her reign has in it still the logic of calamity for all who do not learn to repent of such bestial and infernal crime as characterized her domination of the weak and the helpless. She founded British imperialism on kidnapping and piracy.

Beginning in 1562, in what became a grafting partnership with John Hawkins, Elizabeth founded the British slave trade as the beginning of twentieth century imperialism in Africa. "Partly by the sword and partly by other means," Hawkins collected a cargo of victims under his hatches on his first voyage to Africa, but he had trouble in selling them in Spanish markets, and it was only on his second voyage that Elizabeth became his partner. "Lord Pembroke and other members of the council were shareholders, while the queen supplied a ship, the *Jesus* of Lubeck. This time Hawkins kidnapped four hundred Africans." (Campbell, i, 396.) These were sold at a profit, netting sixty per cent to the shareholders. Elizabeth sent Hawkins and Drake with him on a third voyage in the *Jesus*, and after setting fire to a town of eight thousand inhabitants in Sierra Leon, they kidnapped 250 people for slaves, continuing this atrocious scoundrelism until they had a "cargo" under the hatches. Then returning, they engaged in the less detestable business of plain piracy. "Robbing such unarmed vessels as he met along the coast," Hawkins "accumulated an enormous treasure"—estimated at two million pounds in coin, bullion and precious stones, of which, as well as of the profits on the kidnapped negroes, Elizabeth took her share "with a consciousness of well-doing that would have reflected credit on any pirate of her realm" (Campbell).

For this success, Hawkins was knighted. Out of this beginning of competition with Spain in the slave-trade, we have the "Royal African Company," of our own Colonial period as a development bringing the meaning of Elizabeth's reign of crimes against humanity—of obstruction of progress through imperialism as she raided the coast of Africa—down through British invasion in the War of the Revolution and 1812, to our own Civil war, as this British African policy forced negroes on the American market. In the twentieth century, with the issue of British or Prussian empire in Africa joined, the successors of Elizabeth, and the successors of Frederick, "the Great," involving America in the logic of these enormous crimes, growing cumulative from century to century, are rightly to be judged on the facts—and only on the facts. As for Elizabeth, born of a father who murdered her mother, using the rack, the gallows and the stake in dominating the helpless, inaugurating massacre as a mode of government and paying the highest honors to pirates and kidnappers—her one success was in forcing England into open competition with all that was most infamous in Spanish imperialism. Of Spanish imperialism, this generation in America has seen the end. As a leader of Prussia in imitating these crimes, Frederick "the Great" came late, and of that "ideal" we may now see the realities. Finally, we may learn that hell on earth, as a fact, is not desirable enough as a political investment to be idealized for any purpose whatever—whether "British" or American, or British-American in a new era of hyphenation.

Those who would persuade us that we are free—if we think so; good—if we think so; admirable

and enviable—if we think so, invite us to the facts of life, through knowing which we may escape the worst of all evils—irresponsibility.

Goodness is not a matter of what we think it. It is real. It belongs to quality. I have no doubt that among the convict women now imprisoned in the United States, there is in any one of them so much of this reality of goodness, of which she herself may be unconscious, that she might be "idealized" as a heroine for her class, if she have one. When Elizabeth Tudor is thus idealized as a heroine, a superwoman, for a dominating class it is sought to perpetuate, we need not question any reality of goodness, latent in human nature at its worst. But when she is presented as a political ideal, we want the facts. If, on the facts, it appears likely that there is not now in any jail or penitentiary, a woman so insanely and habitually criminal, so irresponsible under the impulses of depraved instincts, as she was in dominating the helpless—then no weight of authority should prevent us from learning what such realities of life mean to us. For it is not with Elizabeth Tudor we are dealing, or with old and effete crimes, however monstrous. The reality is that of our own times and of all times in which weakness needs help against those who practice to betray it. That reality of supreme evil is the hellish nature of irresponsible power.

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## Longfellow

By John L. Hervey

CHANCE led me, the other day, to glance over a new manual of "American Literature," the work of a professor in one of our American universities and clothed with more than the ordinary value—if one may use that term—of such a volume because of the fact that it is sponsored for the British public, supposably as a text-book, by one of the most famous of England's university presses. As I say, I picked it up at random, text-books of literature being things which, as a rule, do not interest me. For literature, rightly speaking, cannot be taught or the love or appreciation of it learned. Or, at least, so I think.

But, at any rate, I picked up this manual, idly enough, and opened it. And it happened that it opened at the chapter on Longfellow. I did not try to gather the gist of the professor's analysis of the poet, as he unfolded it at some length; but my glance was arrested by what I saw upon the page at which I had opened. It was devoted to a discussion of the "Psalm of Life," a poem which has given all the scientific commentators on Longfellow trouble ever since it was published, about three-quarters of a century ago. Few modern poems have ever gone straight to the popular heart of a race, and staid there, like the "Psalm of Life." Much of its context has become infiltrated into our common thought and speech. On this account the Brahmins have raged and the critics imagined vain things from the beginning, and an inscrutable Providence apparently has ordained that as it was in the beginning so it ever shall be.

It was an eminent British critic, incensed at the popular love of the poem, who undertook to demonstrate its futility not only, but, what was worse, its falsity. And the crux of his exposition pivoted upon the falsity of its imagery, and, particularly, one of its images which, he averred, was the most atrocious of all. Namely, that in which the poet imaged "Footprints on the sands of time." The "sands of time," the great critic magisterially explained, were contained in an hour-glass. Could footprints get into hour-glasses? They could not! Hence the falsity of the image—also of the entire stanza

in which it occurred. This falsity being both ridiculous and crass. Et cetera, et cetera, and so forth. Ergo, the "Psalm of Life" was a preposterous production, and its author a very poor poet.

This *obiter dictum* dates at about 1840—and ever since it has been embalmed in the amber of subsequent criticism of Longfellow. In the brand-new manual of this year of grace, 1919, authored by the distinguished American professor and with the imprimatur of the world-renowned British university press, there it was, as large as life and twice as natural. Slightly rewritten, perhaps, but otherwise intact in all its immortal and incredible hebetude.

The fact of the matter being that the image complained of as false was a new creation and a particularly striking and beautiful one. Longfellow, tired of the hour-glass figure through which the sands of time had percolated into literature for a score of centuries, by a stroke of genius transposed the figure into a new mode. Consigning the ancient desk-tool of the poetasters to the dust-bin, he conceived, first of the immense tract of immemorial time, sweeping, from its dim backward and abysm, down to those shores where wash and ebb eternally the waves of conscious being's sea; then of the voyagers over that "solemn main" each struggling even in shipwreck to identify himself in time as well as space, catching sight, upon the mocking, melancholy shore of the few footprints which had been left there—for who knows how long?—by those few strong ones who had gained and trodden it. This "faulty image," in merest sooth, is one of the most moving and memorable in the entire range of poetry, I care not in what tongue. The reception that the world accorded it proved this—for the world took it at once to its imagination as a torch and there it has remained burning brightly ever since. Had Longfellow never done anything else, he here proclaimed himself one of poetry's elect and visionary singers.

This, however, will not prevent the Eternal Professor from devoting the inevitable page in the traditional text-book to the apotheosis of the malapropos—until that happy day when either universities or their curricula of "literature" go glimmering after the hour-glasses which they celebrate and symbolize.

It would be sad, were it not so amusing, this chronic trouble that criticism has with Longfellow—with even his simplest and best-known and most popular poems. And when I say criticism, I include all sorts and conditions of that acrid cotton-seed-oil in which literature, to become edible, supposably has to be stewed. Take, for instance, the new number of that ponderous and awe-inspiring series of volumes, now in course of publication, entitled, "The Cambridge History of American Literature." Just observe the predicament of the eminent professor who was assigned the task of accounting for Longfellow, in his endeavors to orient his subject. Truly, it is instructive—the mandarin, in his own mind, achieving that "stunt" with most academic felicity—all unconscious of the failure he has made.

There is one thing upon which all critics of Longfellow are unanimous, howsoever they may otherwise enjoy the delight of disagreeing with each other. At the beginning of their observations, in the middle thereof, and just above the colophon—at this spot often in italic type—they assert that he was *NOT a Great poet*. This always makes me wonder, Why the reiteration? And—Why the emphasis? Incidentally, the New Criticism being very Freudian; how does this work out on the Freudian hypothesis?

Of course, the New Criticism, like the New Poetry, particularly loves to load its blunderbuss and go gunning for Longfellow. To all the 'ists and 'ers he is anathema. Yet—there are reasons why they might extenuate a little while setting down rot in malice. Reference to the biography of the poet reveals the fact that he began to make poems



at a tender age. And, it is said, was seven when he composed those beautiful verses which begin:

"Mr. Finney had a turnip  
And it grew, and it grew,  
And it grew behind the barn,  
And the turnip did no harm."

Now, this is precisely the kind of verse that our young poets of today, of anywhere from seven to seventy-seven winters old, contribute to those precious bibelots which exploit the latest lyric cry. It is just the sort of thing that Miss Lowmyer and Mr. Unwell "and Others" anthologize, with admiring critical comment thereupon. As Bill Nye would have said, so far as the New Movement goes, this poem is thoroughly "en regalia." Whitman's is the dead hand supposed to have smitten the rock whence the New Poetry has gushed forth—yet Longfellow indited his song of Mr. Finney's turnip before Walt had even come into the world. Pondering these things, who cannot but pause aghast at the ingratitude displayed?

One would think, particularly, that the Imagists would fall down and worship Longfellow, seeing that as an image-maker he was unique. One of the standing outcries of the critics of his own day was that his imagery was irrepressible and unending—that he literally thought and wrote in images. And it was quite true. The entire body of his verse is compact of them, spontaneous, felicitous and memory-haunting. Propagandists of the New Poetry, fond of belaboring Longfellow, babble a great deal of Baudelaire—of whom, I more than suspect, few know anything not cribbed yesterday or today from the "Modern Library"—and Gautier. But Baudelaire and Gautier knew a good thing when they saw it, being, both of them, great critics as well as great poets, and when Longfellow swum into their ken they promptly helped themselves to his images in composing *Les Fleurs du Mal* and *Emaux et Camées*. Also, while the Moderns curse Longfellow they bless Whitman—whom they have wished themselves on as children, in lieu of that famous half-dozen real ones that he wrote John Addington Symonds he had surreptitiously begotten—forgetful of the fact that when Longfellow died, the Camden bard penned a tribute to the gentle singer of Cambridge that, where they walk with the others of song's immortals in the Elysian Fields, they must both gladden to think upon, so just was it, yet true and loving.

I read the other day in a New York paper an article in which the Queens of Trumps of our New Literary Deck gave our poetical patriarchs particular fits because of their alleged treatment of Whitman and Poe. Of course, she fleshed her hatpin in Longfellow, sticking it clear through his anatomy and then clinching it on the other side, just as she would one of those patent ones in her bonnet.

She quoted a letter Longfellow wrote to Poe in 1841, in which he said that everything Poe had written had impressed him (Longfellow) with its power, and that if he (Poe) wished he could win a rank second to none as a writer of tales. The Queen then went on to say that so far as Longfellow was concerned, this was "simply damning," as while he conceded Poe some power as a prose writer, he "ignored him as a poet." Now, the facts are these: First, Longfellow didn't ignore Poe's poetry, for he praised everything Poe had written. In the second place, when Longfellow wrote this letter, in 1841, Poe had published only a few poems. The majority of his most famous ones, as "The Raven," "Ulalume," "The Bells," and "Annabel Lee," were then not only unpublished but actually unwritten. Had Poe died at the time Longfellow's letter was written, the verdict of posterity would be today precisely what Longfellow then entertained. Namely, that Poe was one of the greatest writers of prose tales, also the author of one or two powerful poems.

Here is another Modern instance. Some little

time ago a well-known man was so indiscreet as to record, in his reminiscences, that at a time of deep affliction he had turned to the poems of Longfellow and found in them balm for his heart-break. Which elicited from a critic the reproof that it was a confession of lamentable incapacity in poetic evaluation and reprehensible in its reactionary tendency—or words to that effect. The inference being that the mourner, if properly constituted, should have sought solace in something like "Mushrooms" or "The Jig of Forslin."

These are examples of Modern expert criticism of Longfellow. And instructive enough, God wot!

The mortal remains of Longfellow lie in Mount Auburn graveyard, and while we are assured by the New Poetry that his poems have been consigned to the scrap-heap, it is probably a fact that for every person who visits the grave of Whitman today to bare his head in silent homage to the great departed, there are a hundred visitors to that of Longfellow—whose immortal part is not buried beside the Charles, but sings on perennially in their hearts. On the gravestone three words, aside from the name and dates, are inscribed. They read:

"Life—Love—Light."

Is that, perhaps, why the Moderns so hate him? That in the life which they are endeavoring to poetize the light is so dim, the love so paltry?

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## Occasional Observations

By Horace Flack

### XXIV—THE SCHOOL OF THE PROPHETS.

I SUPPOSE that in a country where every one is born free, with an equal right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, any one who chooses to devote himself to the study of prophecy, might select any prophet he chose, including the prophet Daniel, without being sentenced to Atlanta for it. It will be noted, however, that no impartial jury could convict these observations of being prophetic under any statute which can be applied against students of Daniel.

While not venturing to make or interpret a forecast even of the weather, I confess that I have not at all times concealed my admiration for Daniel more than I have for Jonah, but it is not based on any theory, much less on any intelligent understanding, of his statements that after the King of the North has turned his face to the isles, "he shall stumble and fall, and not be found," and that there shall stand up in his place "a raiser of taxes in the glory of the kingdom," who, however, is to be destroyed, neither in anger nor in battle, after which a "vile person" who succeeds by flatteries is to be concerned in various events, and shall "do what his fathers have not done, nor his father's fathers," including, I suppose, the "league" mentioned in the preceding verse, after which it is said that he "shall work deceitfully."

While this shows what seems to be an unaccountable knowledge of politics during various modern periods, my own knowledge of political history does not warrant me in attempting to restrict its application to any special period. Among the various raisers of taxes and vile persons who succeed in political history, I might too easily be mistaken if I should attempt to apply it to any given vile or tax-raising person at any given time. I do not hesitate to state, on my own responsibility, that Columbus discovered America in the year 1492, since which date, as before, nearly all vile persons who have devoted themselves to politics professionally, whether as kings of the North, or otherwise, seem to have been chiefly concerned in raising taxes—to such an extent that with the increase of politics, the increase of taxes has been

continuous—under various forms of "benevolences," "ship-money," etc., down to the period when under Napoleon, our French friends and allies made permanent war debts possible, if not inevitable, and our British friends and allies discovered that a "public debt is a public blessing."

Our British friends had not discovered this when in the time of King John, a "benevolence" was a voluntary, patriotic contribution to winning the war, made by a financier who had had a sufficient number of his jaw teeth extracted to excite his benevolence. So I am not convinced that Daniel was referring solely to that period.

In the time of Daniel and Jonah, and even as far back as Balaam (who was far back enough to decline subsidy), prophets were specially educated for their profession. It is well known that there were special "schools of the prophets," in which they were given courses of instruction, including political history and everything else necessary for their education. They must have learned "finance" as it is concerned with the raising of taxes, under the various forms and names, which, except in form and name, did not differ then materially from those with whose ultimate results we may grow familiar without supernatural intervention.

There was one test then for every "true prophet" after his graduation from the school of the prophets. He was expected to use his knowledge of political history to enable his countrymen to escape their deserts, in politics. No matter how great the risk, he was to tell them when they were in danger of justice.

Jonah is remarkable among the prophets as the only one who was sent on a special mission to foreigners, and after his experience in telling the truth at home, we may suppose that he had causes it was not thought necessary to record, for trying to get as far away from Nineveh as possible. Simply because I once accumulated a shelf of treasury reports and learned to read and translate the figures of taxation as easily as some Rabbis can read Jonah and Daniel in Hebrew and Chaldee, I have been suspected and even charged with being a "Jeremiah," but if I enrolled in any school of the prophets at all, it would certainly be in that of Jonah—and I would certainly follow him as far from Nineveh as a prepaid passenger ticket would take me.

In no case, however, have I ever been able to claim a "mission," or any prophetic authority or special knowledge of those who have it. As I understand the seventh verse of the twentieth chapter of Exodus, it is an absolute prohibition of the use of the name of IHUH for political purposes. With four encyclopedias for reference in trying to get dates corrected for what I know of the worst in politics, I find that they often disagree, and that where one made an error nearly a hundred years ago, it may be plagiarized in most subsequent editions. So all such authority is uncertain. But such as it is, I am willing to take the risk of using it to give my own people the benefit of all Jonah offered Nineveh. That is simply this—that political history as made in any country is so putrid with crime, that the only hope any people can have of escaping justice, is to come to its senses as soon as possible after losing them, and to use them for all they are worth.

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## Weeds

By Helen Hoyt.

THE dandelions seeds  
Are flying through the air,  
Hastening themselves everywhere;  
They cannot know  
That nobody wants them to grow;  
The dandelions do not think that they are weeds!



## A Jewish Palestine

By H. SACKER.

"History of Zionism, 1600-1918," by N. SOKOLOW. (Longmans-Green & Co., New York and London.)

Mr. Sokolow is a master of many tongues and many literatures, a skilful writer, a distinguished Talmudist, a researcher in many of the by-paths of Israel in Europe, and he has long been known among Jews as one of the most learned, various, and ingenious of their number. Since the earliest days of the modern Zionist movement he has been one of its leaders, and before the war he was elected to the supreme Directorate of the Zionist Organization. He went to England in 1914, and there, in conjunction with Dr. Weizmann, he took up the task of conducting the fortunes of Jewish nationalism through the most terrific storm the modern world has known. The war sundered Jewish community from Jewish community; it cut off Russia, the chief of all Jewish centers in Europe, from the West; it gave up the Jewries of Eastern Europe to havoc and destruction; it isolated Palestine, the heart of Jewish national endeavor, and

threatened the Jewish settlements there with utter ruin; it created an atmosphere and a condition in the highest degree unfavorable to an idealism not backed by force. If today the Jewish national claim to Palestine is part of the common law of the world, no little of the merit must go to the leaders of the Jewish people, of whom Mr. Sokolow has been one.

Mr. Sokolow has conceived his historian's task largely, and this handsome volume of three hundred pages is only the first of three volumes. For the story of Jewish nationalism during the war we have still to wait. In this first volume Mr. Sokolow begins with the seventeenth century. That is not going too far back. In a very real sense Zionism commences with the fall of the Jewish State, and any point later than that has something arbitrary about it. But since a beginning has to be made somewhere, the Commonwealth period which Mr. Sokolow chooses as the starting point has much to be said for it. For Jews the Commonwealth was the beginning of the end of the Middle Ages; the period of expulsions was coming to an end, the period of restoration which was to merge into the period of emancipation was be-

ginning. The Puritans allowed the Jews to return to England, and the Puritans were the first to develop a deep interest in the Jewish restoration to Palestine, and to found a British tradition in regard to a Jewish Palestine, which after two hundred and fifty years of unbroken continuity has become the official policy of the British government, and secured the ratification of the world's judgment. This first volume of Mr. Sokolow's history thus has two threads running through it: the thread of Jewish revival and Jewish striving towards Palestine after the agony of the Middle Ages, and the thread of English interest in a Jewish Palestine.

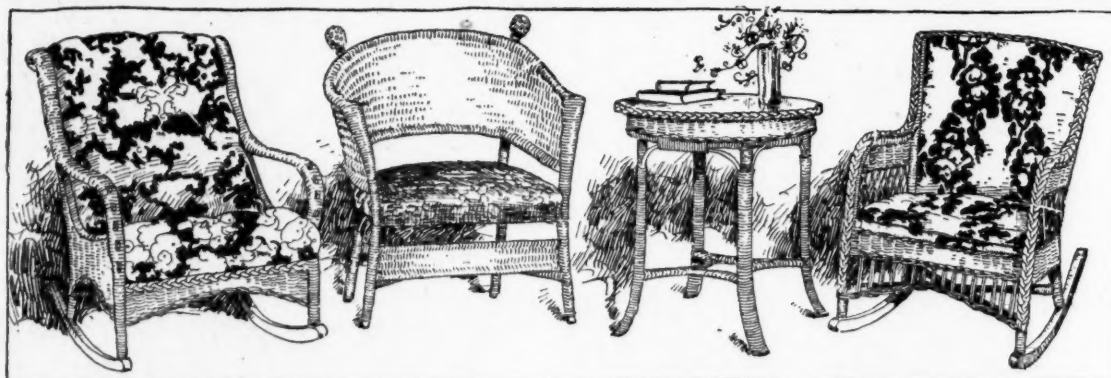
For the ordinary reader it is a wholly new country in both aspects, and indeed Mr. Sokolow breaks a great deal of fresh ground even for the small band of pro-

fessed students of modern Jewish history. He has gone always to the original sources. Some of his chapters, notably those dealing with the pamphlet literature on a Jewish Palestine in various countries, and his account of the family of the Farhi in Palestine and Syria, are particularly notable in this regard. Some may think that Mr. Sokolow is inclined to be discursive; but it is difficult for a Jewish nationalist to regard any aspect of Jewish history as irrelevant. Perhaps it is a more pertinent criticism that Mr. Sokolow is disposed to discover agreement and virtue where perhaps they do not always exist. He attributes sometimes too emphatic a national consciousness to Jewish personalities and too large a Jewish charity to non-Jewish personalities. The most unsatisfactory chapter in the whole of the volume is inad-



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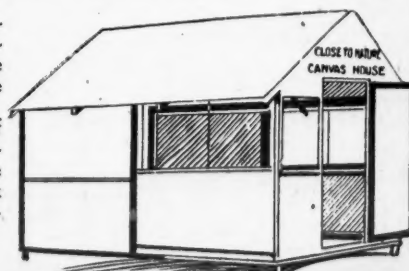
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quate precisely because of this tendency. We have in mind Mr. Sokolow's story of Napoleon and of Napoleon's Jewish Sanhedrim. He gives one the impression that Napoleon was an excellent friend of the Jews and his Sanhedrim something for the Jews to be proud of. The blunt truth is that Napoleon was an anti-Semite and that the decisions of the Sanhedrim were pronounced, as a contemporary put it, under the menace of the sword of the conqueror of Marengo.

For those who may be disposed to imagine that Zionism is a new thing and the British devotion to a Jewish Palestine is a new thing, this volume should shatter such delusions. A British mandate for a Jewish Palestine is the culmination of a movement which is almost as old as the Reformation itself. As long ago as 1621 Sir Henry Finch was foretelling the Jewish restoration to Palestine. In 1657 we find Henry Jessey collecting £300 for the poor Jews of Jerusalem, and there is a continuous record of appeals for the Jewish people throughout the eighteenth century. Napoleon's intervention in Syria introduced a political element into the philanthropic and religious sympathies of Englishmen with the idea of a Jewish Palestine. Napoleon was striking at the British empire in the East, and he conceived the idea of re-establishing the Jewish people in Palestine as a pillar of a French empire in the East. This was to revive the great imperial tradition of Alexander and Caesar, and although the project had collapsed before Acre (at that time administered chiefly by the Farhi), it made a very deep impression upon thoughtful Englishmen. From this time onwards the political advantages to Great Britain of a Jewish Palestine are ceaselessly urged, and in the contemporary pamphlets there is a whole armory of arguments the justice of which has been triumphantly vindicated. The Foreign Office was very slow to grasp the new teaching, and it required Turkey's intervention in the war to convert it; but the conversion was inevitable, and now the whole world extends its approval to the revival of a Jewish Palestine under British auspices.

In recent years a few Jews have propagated the legend that there is no such thing as a Jewish people and no such thing as a Jewish will to remake the Jewish Palestine. In so far as these ideas are sincerely held they derive from a religious outlook which is certainly not Jewish; but in very many cases they express only individual apprehensions as to individual interests. Without doubt the most eminent Jew Anglo-Jewry has produced was the late Sir Moses Montefiore. He is the only English Jew who has received a title specifically for his services to the Jewish people, and during most of his long span of life (which endured down to the late 'eighties) he was the unquestioned leader of Anglo-Jewry. His attitude towards a Jewish Palestine is expressed in words which sum up the aspiration of every Zionist: "I do not expect that all Israelites will quit their abodes in those territories in which they feel happy, even as there are Englishmen in Hungary, Germany, America, and Japan; but Palestine must belong to the Jews, and Jerusalem is destined to be-

come the seat of a Jewish commonwealth." It can be safely assumed that the whole force of universal Jewry will go towards the making of a Jewish Palestine.

Mr. Sokolow's volume is a contribution to the philosophy of Zionism as well as to its history. The introductory notes by Mr. Balfour and the late Sir Mark Sykes are both exceedingly characteristic. Mr. Balfour's critical and sceptical mind has played upon the anti-Semitism of the continent, and upon the ignoble renunciations and fears of the denationalized Jew. He reveals himself a very convinced and understanding Zionist. Sir Mark Sykes came to Zionism from a passionate belief in nationalism in general, and the necessity of substituting for the exhausted Ottoman empire the comradeship of the three revived nations—Jew, Arab, and Armenian. Both these are external estimates of Zionism. Mr. Sokolow contributes a third from within. Zionism is not simply one manifestation of nationalism. It is a manifestation with a special quality. The whole stress of Zionism is upon the spiritual aspect of nationalism, upon the right of every people to be free to live according to its own genius and make its specific contribution to the co-operative task of civilization. Political machinery and territorial demands all play a very secondary part in Zionist thought, which never mistakes them for anything but means and never confounds them with the end. There are no Jingo statesmen in Zionism, which recognizes the rights of other civilizations and other cultures by the same title by which it asserts its own. It is characteristic of Zionism that the foundation-stone of a Jewish Palestine, which it has laid during the war, is a Hebrew university, so that the law should once more go forth from Zion. In that spirit Zionism has always labored, and in that spirit it will rebuild the new Palestine.—*The London Nation*.

♦♦♦

*Knicker*—The post office has issued victory stamps.

*Bocker*—Any stamp that succeeds in getting there is a victory stamp.—*Cleveland Press*.

♦♦♦

*Stella*—A sad romance?

*Bella*—Yes, he proposed by letter and she accepted by wire, and neither message was delivered.—*New York Sun*.

♦♦♦

"The ancients disputed how many angels could dance on the point of a needle." "That's nothing. How many could dance on the Fourteen Points?"—*Denver Post*.

♦♦♦

"How do you like my new hat, dear?" "Is it all paid for?" asked the husband. "Yes." "By George, it's the best thing I ever saw you wear."—*Boston Transcript*.

♦♦♦

"My husband is so jealous."

"How absurd!"

"Why, isn't yours?"

"Of course not."

"How humiliating!"—*Boston Transcript*.

## DO IT YOURSELF

About that new world.

President Wilson says we are to have one.

Lloyd George says the same.

Everybody is saying it.

After the war a new world.

And that's going some. We have been calling it the "old world." There are about a million histories—and they all call it an old world—a very tired old world—a world that has been shot to pieces so often, and battered up with wars and revolutions, and scourged with plagues and pogroms and—O, it sure is an old world.

But now it is to be a new world. Mark that word "new." Wonderful charm about new things. Never too old to feel the newness of things that are new—a new suit of clothes, new shoes, new anything. It's the child in us—and you know a very powerful Person once said that the new heaven and the new earth would come along the child route—by way of the child mind—by way of that simplicity and sincerity of thought which dreams and loves and dares—and knows how to be glad.

Well, about that new world. Who is going to give it to us? Will some kind rich man, or some very kind poor man, or some very kind wise man, come along some day and give us a new world?

Can we get a new world by knocking somebody on the head with a brickbat? Will strikes and lockouts bring in the new world? Will it be a Bolshevik or a Socialist world? Or an I. W. W., Syndicalist, Marxian world?

Here is a great secret. We should be very careful not to let it get out. There never will be a new world until YOU GO AT THE JOB YOURSELF AND MAKE IT NEW.

And here is another secret. There is only one way to make a new world, and that is to get on your thinking cap and THINK THINGS OVER.

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## Letters from the People

Free Verse.

Cleveland, O., June 7, 1919.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Reading G. Prather Knapp on "Free Verse," calls to mind an amusing contribution that appeared some years ago in the *Buffalo Express*, by Mark Twain.

In it he showed that by chopping a warranty deed into lines, without having changed or transposed six words, that he had been able to produce an "excellent

piece of Hiawathian blank verse," and puts the "poem" into evidence.

The essay has been recently reprinted with others equally whimsical, in a book published by Boni & Liveright under the title of "The Curious Republic of Gondour."

CHAS. J. FINGER.

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Vicar—Nothing to be thankful for! Why, think of poor old Hodge losing his wife through the flu! Giles—Well, that don't do me no good. I ain't Hodge.—*Farm and Home*.

Jones—If you were going in for music which instrument would you choose? Williams—Well, I've always thought I would like to be a soloist on a cash register.—*Tit-Bits*.

\*\*\*

A lady showing evidence of haste entered a street car near the shopping district, and, seeing a friend, she stood in front of her, talking. "Sit down," said the friend, making room for her. "Really, dear, I haven't time," replied the flustered woman. "I'm in such a hurry to get to the station."

## The Bookfellows

By George Steele Seymour

In March my wife and I decided that a new organization was needed—a club to unite bookly-minded people and direct their smouldering passions for utterance into channels of publication. So, after many struggles with the dictionary in search of a name, came to life the Order of Bookfellows.

Why is this Order needed? What good can it do? These are questions we are now engaged in answering.

In the first place, the value of organized effort is recognized by all. Man can do more as a group than as an individual. An organization of bookmen can write, print and sell books that otherwise would never see the light.

I do not mean unworthy or trifling books, but books that really possess an appeal, albeit not the appeal to the superficial emotions that makes a best seller.

Some people like to buy books, and if they are choice items, attractively made, original and interesting in contents and not to be picked up at any bookstall, they like them all the better.

Such books we intend to give them. Other people like to write and illustrate books, and have the ability so to do. Both these classes are among our membership, together with people who can set up and print surpassingly well.

Now you say to me, that is just what commercial publishers everywhere are now doing. I say our field is wholly outside the field of the commercial publisher.

The latter looks only to the selling quality of the book. He is putting out only what in his view the "public" want. The book must "pay," that is, must pay the writer incidentally, but mainly the publisher.

We shall care not a whit what the "public" want; we shall consider only what our members want, and if we find from experience that there are enough Bookfellows to absorb an edition of say two hundred copies of some book that we deem worthy, we shall publish that book and it will pay the cost of its publication. With a membership of one thousand we will be fairly certain of selling two hundred copies of any edition; with a membership of two thousand we will be "on Easy street."

A commercial publisher would scorn to handle an edition that sells only to the extent of two hundred copies. Yet there are many books of high merit that must be produced on this basis or not at all. My prediction is that future years will see a steadily growing demand for our books.

But you will come back at me with the remark that we must charge high prices for our wares, as the penalty for doing a retail business.

Not at all. We hope to make one dollar the standard price for each volume issued in our regular series. The books in the Bookfellow series

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will be numbered consecutively; also the members will be given numbers on joining, and each book that a member buys will be by number consecrated to that member. Books in the series will be uniform as to size and format, so that this will be an incentive to members to keep their sets complete.

Still we recognize the fact that many will be but occasional buyers. Cheapness will be secured by the absolute elimination of overhead expense. There will, for the present at least, be nothing charged in the cost of the book except for the actual printing. If our efforts are so appreciated that our membership grows and our sales increase, that will cheapen the cost of production and will increase the yield per book, but we do not intend to penalize the early buyer. We will work for his approbation only, and he will reward us by becoming a booster and a passer-on of the Light.

Another way we will save expense to our members is that no free copies will be distributed to book reviewers. This expense is more than one realizes. If, out of an edition of two hundred and fifty copies, fifty are presented gratis to reviewers, it is clear that the purchasers of the remaining two hundred copies must pay for them, thus increasing the cost to such purchasers one-fifth, or twenty per cent.

And the dicta of professional critics who review unceasing streams of new publications is of little value to the discriminating reader and tends in the end to become automatic and perfunctory. The suspicion has even been expressed that such reviews tend to favor the big publisher and result in a favorable verdict on every book largely advertised and upon which the publisher has staked enormous sums in the production, regardless of its actual merits. What person of discrimination cares for such critical guidance?

To take the place of this, we will publish a monthly magazine or bulletin which will tell all about our publications and give as complete an exposition of their contents as though one were examining them at the sales table. This will enable members to make an intelligent selection. As long as they are satisfied we shall not care for the professional critics, as our books will be on sale to members only.

The cost of membership will be one dollar per annum, conforming to our low scale of expense, and in exchange for it, besides the exclusive privilege of buying our books, we will give the little magazine, *The Step Ladder*, which we propose to make a joy to every bookly-minded person.

Finally, we hope to make this association a personal thing. We shall seek opportunities to correspond with and to know our members and we shall consider them as belonging to a great bookly family. Their letters will be valued and promptly answered and their publishing aspirations will

receive serious attention. To promote this feeling we will have an annual banquet at which the elect will foregather and mingle.

The names of many splendid writers, printers and readers are already on our list, though this is the first public announcement of the Order that has ever been made.

May we have your support?

\*\*\*

"Betty, I wish you'd tell Billy and Anna to stop playing with those Ainsworth children. Their social standing is growing a bit questionable." "Why, is that right?" "Yes, it leaked out at a directors' meeting last night that they have the poorest stocked cellar in town."—*Life*.

"Our salmon are nice and fresh, mum." "Er—have they roes?" "Well, yes, mum, the price is a bit higher."—*New York Globe*.

\*\*\*

"In the early days of the Victorian era they used to say of an old beau that he carried his liquor well." "Didn't have any suitcases in those days, eyether."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

\*\*\*

"I guess my oyster cocktails are a failure." "I wouldn't say that," urged the local Mrs. Malaprop. "Try some of this fiasco sauce."—*Kansas City Star*.

\*\*\*

"Pessimism never pays." "Oh, I don't know. Dentists find looking down in the mouth profitable enough."—*Boston Transcript*.

*Unlucky Motorist (having killed the lady's pet puppy)*—Madame. I will replace the animal. *Indignant Owner*—Sir, you flatter yourself.—*New York Post*.

\*\*\*

"Were you ever disappointed in love?" "Two and a half times, dear lady." "Two and a half times?" "Yes; twice married and once rejected."—*Boston Transcript*.

\*\*\*

Attorney-General Gregory at a dinner recently remarked: "Bores are always talkative. There is no such thing as a silent bore. One of the ilk once said to me at a party, 'Jones isn't very polite. He yawned three times while I was talking to him yesterday.' 'But maybe he wasn't yawning,' I protested, perhaps he was trying to say something.'"

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L. ACK, Manager

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A Carefully Arranged Display of Styles Ideal for  
Summer Wear, at the Specialized  
Price of

\$10



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Floor

These  
Models  
\$10

## Trimmed Hats for Warm Days

Georgette crepes, taffeta trimmed leghorns, maline and hair braid models, ribbon and straw sport effects, novelties of taffeta

\$5



## Marts and Money

It happened on Friday the 13th.

The Federal Reserve Board at Washington had issued sententious warnings, stressed the necessity of husbanding monetary resources, and hinted at indiscreet policies on the part of bankers, not alone in New York, but throughout the nation.

The consequence was a 12 per cent call rate, and another extensive break in the values of stocks that had been foremost in the recent orgies of speculation. The rate given represents maximum since 1916.

That it was justified cannot be doubted the least, for the weekly bank statement placed the total of loans at a new high record (\$5,135,000,000) and had a sinister minus sign before the reserve item, the actual loss being \$38,000,000, and thus resultant in a deficit of \$656,000.

While this doesn't seem a great sum, it represents the first shortage in reserves since October 17, 1914, when Wall Street was in the depths of despair and the Stock Exchange a place of solitude. The New York Reserve Bank's statement didn't fulfill timorous expectations concerning discounts, the exact contraction being only \$4,500,000. The previous weekly report revealed a contraction of over \$68,000,000. Evidently, the officials are not inclined to be hasty in shifting loans to the member institutions. For adopting such a policy of conservatism they deserve unstinted commendation.

The Federal Reserve Board at Wash-

ington has requested the regional establishments to report on discounts against Government paper—bonds and notes. The Board suspects that inexcusably large sums have been advanced against this high-grade collateral. There's warrant for this suspicion, methinks, all the more so when one is mindful of the fact that violent inflation in securities was witnessed also immediately after the close of the Civil War. The subsequent deflation then brought decidedly painful results in finances as well as in industries.

The joy-crowd in Wall Street is now afraid that the next week or two may witness a still more pronounced tightening of the money market. July disbursements will amount to more than \$225,000,000. Besides, foreign governments are knocking at our gates and asking for financial assistance. Sweden has just been granted \$25,000,000 at 6 per cent.

According to financiers, the reconstruction of Europe must be carried out by banks and private investors. Washington must not be allowed to have a hand in it, for governments are always and necessarily extravagant in expenditures. A pretty sound argument, this. For unwarranted facility in grasping the points involved, Americans may well feel thankful to Messrs. Burleson, McAdoo, Hines, *et al.*

But private banking has its faults too—sometimes. There have been numerous blunders and transgressions in the past twenty-two years—to go no

farther back than that. However, we feel disposed to view them indulgently at present. It's the most recent or immediate troubles that bother us most, as a rule. All the prominent financiers agree that genuine prosperity cannot be restored unless we advance many billions of dollars to European nations.

For security, Frank A. Vanderlip would demand first mortgages on customs receipts, for business is business. The credits to be extended must be based on computations succeeding former standards, owing, mostly, to high costs of labor and material. Relative to this, it may be pointed out that the sum total of corporate financing during May was over \$247,000,000, as compared with only about \$49,000,000 during April, and with \$72,000,000 for May, 1918.

Thought must also be taken of the extraordinary monetary needs involved in the moving and marketing of this year's agricultural yields. The prospective aggregate valuation of these is placed at \$23,000,000,000. Prior to 1915, estimates varied from \$8,000,000,000 to \$10,000,000,000.

While the financial powers are writing disquisitions upon the beauties and advantages of private and governmental economy and asking for abolition of taxes on luxuries, the importation of diamonds is on a steadily growing scale, judging by latest reports. Thus far in 1919, the total value of imports of this sort of goods amounts to \$15,000,000, against \$8,000,000 for 1918.

There's a great boom likewise in the importing of perfumery, silks, laces, etc. But what's the use finding fault with news like this! Jazz times.

Steel common, which sold at over 111 about ten days ago, is down to 104½. Studebaker common shows a decline from 124 to 99. Similar depreciation has taken place in the values of many other representative issues. Even railroad shares have been sharply affected by the recurrence of liquidation. In the case of Southern Pacific, the selling was heavily increased by conversion of bonds into stock certificates.

Wonder what E. H. Gary thinks of the general situation right now! He has kept very much in the background lately. Yet how nicely he orated recently about crops, the steel trade, the people's wealth, bank deposits, railroad earnings, and all that, to the intense delight of inflationistic crews. Viewed in the retrospect, it would appear that the upward movement culminated just around that time. Coincidence, of course.

It was a mere coincidence, too, probably, that Charles M. Schwab sent a pessimistic cable from Europe, last February, just at the time that Bethlehem Steel B stock sold at 55¾, or at the lowest price since January 1. The other day, the price was up to 93. The cognoscenti voice the opinion that the great long commitments were liquidated on the sensational bulges of the last two or three weeks, and that it is now only a question how low prices will be driven before the big interests and pools resume purchasing tactics. A different display of hoodwinking will be seen as soon as the reaction has terminated. There will be a bewildering variety of unfavorable rumors and reports in order to cause extensive selling for both accounts. It's a raw, brutal game, taken all in all. There's no real ingenuity about it. It consists of hidden power, calculating cynicism, prepared opportunities, bold, deceptive machinations. The question for the "outsider" is simply this: Can I beat 'em at their own game?

The Pierce Oil Corporation has sold \$15,000,000,000 8 per cent cumulative preferred and convertible stock, which is to be given in exchange for outstanding debenture bonds, ten shares for each \$1,000 face value of debentures. The stock is of the par value of \$100, and will in turn be convertible at any time up to January 1, 1922, into an equal par amount of non-voting common stock, which is also to be authorized. The quotation for the outstanding common stock is down to 22. On May 19, sales were made at 28½—absolute maximum.

The values of all oil shares have been considerably damaged by the monetary pinch and lower prices for products. But there still is fine hot dope from the Ranger field.

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### Finance in St. Louis

The local market for securities remains in an interesting and promising state of affairs. There's an expanding inquiry not only for stocks, but also for good bonds and notes, the values of which have so far not responded very strikingly to the general uplift through-

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### A Sale Offering Exceptional Value-Giving

#### Traveling Bags, \$10.00

Made of heavy walrus grain cowhide, full kid finished leather lined. Have three inside pockets, inside lock, slide bolts and strong handle. This is the 18-inch size. The 16-inch size is priced \$9.50.

#### Matting Suit Cases, \$5.00

Very fine sea-grass matting has been used in their construction. Come in the 24-inch size, lined with cretonne, and have pocket in lid.

#### Walrus Hide Bags, \$12.00

Full leather lined, with three large inside pockets and reinforced corners. 20-inch size. The 18-inch size is priced \$11.50.

#### Traveling Bags, \$7.50

Of good grade black walrus grain cowhide, large sewed-on corners and double stitched edges. Have three pockets, and this is the 18-inch size.

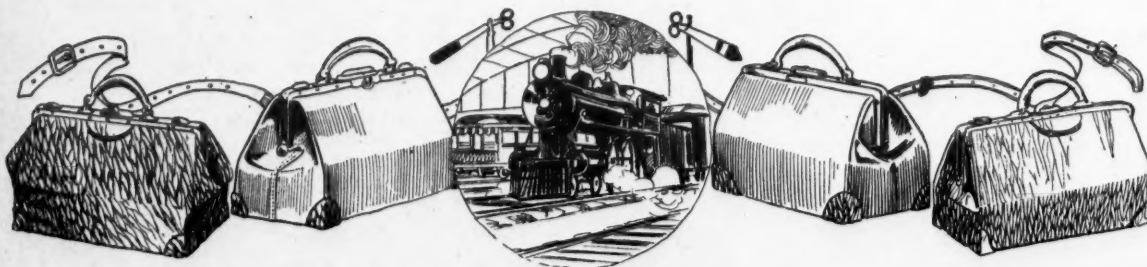
#### Traveling Bags, \$3.45

Made of heavy black fabricoid, reinforced corners, claw catches and outside lock. 18-inch size.

#### Traveling Bags, \$5.00

Made of heavy pantasote in the three-piece style, nicely lined. This is the 18-inch size, suitable for men or women.

(Fifth Floor)



# STIX, BAER & FULLER

## GRAND-LEADER



out the nation. Municipals and first mortgage issues are in active demand; so, also, are choice farm loans, in which some St. Louis financial establishments have been specializing on a broad scale for some years. In addition, there's a notable quest for commercial and industrial securities that should substantially be advantaged during the long season of prosperity that is generally anticipated in the next three or four years. In view of all this, one finds it easy to understand the persistent firmness in local prices, in the face of recurrent spells of liquidation and financial tremors in old Wall Street. In the last few days, three hundred and forty shares of National Candy common were sold at 91 to 93.37½—new high records. Seventy-five Fulton I. Works common brought 57.75 to 58.75; ten preferred, 108. Nearly four hundred Marland Refining were transferred at 6.37½ to 6.50. The par value of this stock is \$5; there's \$7,475,000 outstanding, on which 10 per cent is paid. Fifty shares of Portland Cement brought 80; fifty Independent Breweries first preferred, 14.87½, and one hundred Hydraulic-Press Brick preferred, 38.25. At the local banks and trust companies, the demand for funds is large and should assume still more important proportions in the near future, in response to the heavy requirements that general business improvement and bumper crops are plainly presaging. Time loans are quoted at 5½ to 6 per cent.

#### Closing Quotations

Stocks	Bid.	Asked.
Nat. Bank of Commerce.....	138½	139½
Third National Bank.....	300	...
United Railways pfd.....	14	14½
United Railways 4s.....	55	55½
Certain-teed com.....	40½	...
Certain-teed 1st pfd.....	71	72
Certain-teed 2d pfd.....	71	72
St. Louis Cotton Compress.....	83	83½
International Shoe com.....	115	118½
International Shoe pfd.....	111	111
Hydraulic P. B. com.....	7½	7½
Hydraulic P. B. pfd.....	36½	...
Hamilton-Brown.....	180	200
Indianapolis Ref.....	5½	6
Independent Brew. 6s.....	49½	50
National Candy com.....	104	96
Chicago Ry. Equipment.....	104	...

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#### Answers to Inquiries

MARKET, St. Louis.—The Adams Express Co. is not expected to resume dividends at an early date. Indeed, the prospects are quite dubious. There are intimations that the present compulsory union of express companies will be made permanent. In such case there would be extensive unificatory financing—issuance of new stock, adjustment of bonded debts, etc. The present price of A. E.—51¼—doesn't reflect optimism among holders. It compares with a high mark of 80 in 1918. In 1917, the top was 140¼. Ordinary speculators should let shares of this class alone, especially under prevailing conditions.

W. P. A., Bloomington, Ill.—(1) Ohio Ranger Oil, quoted on the New York curb, is not a particularly tempting purchase even at the current price of \$1.50, which compares with a maximum of \$2.50 some weeks back. Company was organized in Delaware on April 24 last, with a capital of \$1,000,000; par value, \$1. Cleveland parties are said to be behind the concern. Of the capital stock, \$500,000 is held in the treasury. There's very little information obtainable about properties controlled. (2) Ryan Petroleum is quite active on the curb. The

present value of \$5.50 compares with a recent absolute maximum of \$7.50. The low mark is \$2.25. Stock was introduced about six weeks ago. Company owns valuable productive lands in Ranger district of Texas. Acquired Burk-Wagoner holdings, comprising thousands of acres. New York affiliations are good.

REGULAR SUBSCRIBER, Centralia, Mo.—(1) There's no danger of a severe depreciation in Woolworth stock, now quoted at 129. Might fall to about 120 for a few days in a typical bear market. Company in excellent financial condition, and earnings continue to expand right along. Hopes of a 9 or 10 per cent dividend seem quite reasonable. (2) Add to holdings of Corn Products common in case of a drop to 60. Stock acting well. (3) Willys-Overland has declined from 40¼ to 34. If you wish to average holdings, enter scaled order, beginning with 32.

INVESTOR, Kingston, N. Y.—(1) Union Pacific common is quoted at 131, against a recent high record of 138½. You should enter buying order in case of a decline to 129½, which would be about five points above year's low record. (2) Lehigh Valley has discounted the cut in dividend—from 2½ to 1¾ per cent quarterly. Price shows decline from 60¾ to 53½—quite a loss for a stock of \$50 par value. Put in order at 51.

R. M. Y., Milton, Wis.—Rock Island common is a fairly good speculation, and should be worth picking up if price drops to 24, the postponement of preferred dividends notwithstanding. The regular amounts will come forth by and by, because company has valid claim against Railroad Administration. Common stock may become pretty active during next bull campaign. Don't take present pessimistic talk too seriously. Wall Street has to make a living somehow.

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#### Considerate

"I'm bothered fierce with rats," said Mrs. Casey, owner of the boarding house, as she talked over the back fence with her neighbor. "Did yez buy any of them rat biscuits for them?" suggested Mrs. Kelly. "Now, Mrs. Kelly, what kind av a house do you think I'm runnin'?" Sure, if the bastes can't ate what the rest of us do, they kin go hungry."

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#### Indirection

With a stormy look on his face the master of the house waylaid the servant in the kitchen. "Look here," he began, angrily, "how dare you tell my wife what time I came home this morning, after I had told yon not to?" The Irish girl eyed him steadily. "Sure, an' Oi didn't," she replied, calmly. "She asked me phwat toime ye came in an' Oi only told her that Oi was too busy gettin' the breakfast ready to look at the clock."

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"Can you really tell anything about the future?" "Oh, yes," said the fortune-teller. "I know, for instance, that my landlord ain't going to get his rent for next month."—*Kansas City Journal*.

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When passing behind a street car look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.

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A local importer recently brought several bolts of exquisite silks to our Safe Deposit Department for safe keeping, claiming that our storage charges were less than theft insurance would otherwise cost him during his "dull season."

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Can we not render you a similar service? Ask about our special cubic-foot storage rates by the month or year. We call for and deliver the goods on request.

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—BUT HE'S NEVER OUT"

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